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thing that the executive head of one of the three or four greatest nations of the world has put his Government, his administration, and himself on the side of universal peace.

Nor, if you look at this thing in the light of the world's history, is there cause for disappointment—that is, permanent disappointment. The progress of men toward higher ideals has always been strangely slow. Out of the Stone age there came the arrow-head, sign of war; the hatchet, token of peace; and from the very beginning this spirit of war, this essence of hell, this purpose of men to struggle and to kill, has been always and sadly evident. You need go back no further than the advent of the Christian era. For nearly two thousand years we have been reciting the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the adhesion to ideals of love and duty and peace, and for two thousand years we have been griping at each other's throats and killing where we could. Every step of advance toward unity, toward peace, toward practical love between man and man has been fought and resisted by all the elements of our lower and more brutal nature. As has been so often said, we have slain more men and women and children in the name of Christ than have been slain for all other causes. The ambitions of men have not killed as many as the struggles of so-called Christian men over creeds and beliefs and methods of worship. We have come very slowly toward the higher ideals. We are nearer to them today than the world has ever been before, and with getting thus nearer, don't let us be discouraged, don't let us give up the struggle, for we are right economically, we are right morally, we are right historically, and the world will keep on until we get finally to where difficulties between nations will be settled as are difficulties between men. It took centuries to get the civilized world to accept the idea of the settlement of difficulty by a lawsuit; it has taken centuries to get men to the point where ambition is willing to lay aside its rivalry, where selfishness is willing to lay aside its purpose and substitute the law of love for the law of force. We shall get there in the wider international sphere just as certain as tomorrow's sun shall rise; there will come the time when the essence of Christianity, the purpose of the Christian life, will reach its result, and we shall settle difficulties between nations just as we settle them today between individuals, without recourse to the horrid agencies of war.

Until I got here I thought I was a pretty old man, but when I look through this audience there are so many men who can "go me better" that I feel quite young. (Laughter.)

Mr. SMILEY: Seventeen years ago they came here as young men, and they have stuck to us, and have got white hairs since that time.

General WOODFORD: Do you mean to tell me, my dear Mr. Smiley, that these people have stood Mohonk for seventeen years and still look so well?

Mr. SMILEY: Yes. The endurance of humanity is great.

General WOODFORD: Now I have given my little message. Young as I am, or old as I may be, I have lived through two wars—one the devastating Civil War and the other the strange Spanish War. I think, after all the years that have gone and with the number of actors in that war who have passed beyond the Great Divide, that I violate no confidence when I say this: If we could

have had some method of arbitration, something that would have enabled us to stop and look the situation right in the face, we might have saved the Spanish War; we might have saved what no man can yet understand, what no man can foresee, what the occupation of the Philippines is to mean in the centuries to come, what the plunging of this nation into what are called world politics is to mean.

When the guns of the Spanish War opened we were a continental power without entangling alliances, living our own life, working out our own future; when the guns of that one-hundred-day conflict grew silent we were a world power intermingled with all the ambitions of world politics, responsible for the administration of islands and lands all around the globe, and what is to be the future no man, Mr. President, can today realize or foretell. That it will all work out to the good of man, that it will all work out in some way to the good of the earth I believe, because I believe in the rule of a controlling Providence. But we have assumed responsibilities, we have plunged into difficulties, we are face to face with a future that is unknown, and we shall need the best patriotism, the broadest Christianity, the love of our fellows to prevent being engulfed in the wars and the ambitions in the future that have been so terrible to the rest of the world powers.

I thank you for listening so patiently. I hope that you will all get from Mohonk all the good that there is in it. For me it is a benediction to come back year after year to take my old friend by the hand; to see the genial influence that peace labors leave upon himself and his cause; and to each and all of you, and most of all, dear Mr. Smiley, to you, may all good be in the future. (Applause.)

The Roosevelt Theory of War.*

By Percival V. Blanshard, of the University of Michigan.

Ex-President Roosevelt has made this astounding statement:

"By war alone can we acquire those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life." These words, coming from the lips of one who was a nation's idol, have fallen like a bombshell in the camp of the pacifists. Not that Mr. Roosevelt's opinion was of overwhelming weight, but that he was voicing the opinion of some of the most influential thinkers of the modern world. Not long before the German philosopher Nietzsche had taken a like position, and he was endorsed by Von Moltke, the statesman; Ernest Renan, the historian; Charles Kingsley and Canon Farrar, the divines. We must have a care, we peace advocates, how we treat such men's opinions. If they are right—if, as they maintain, war develops a nation—then we are fighting against the instrument of our own salvation and smothering the only hope of the nation itself.

But are they right? Does war make for national greatness? Before we can give a rational verdict we must answer certain other questions. What is our nation, anyway? What are the factors that make for its greatness? And how does war affect these factors?

(*This oration won first prize in the National Intercollegiate Peace Prize Contest held at Mohonk Lake, during the Arbitration Conference, on May 16, 1912. The delivery of the oration was exceptionally good.—ED.)

Plainly, our nation is not some abstraction that haunts the marble halls at Washington. Nor is it our vast dominion on which, like England's, the sun never sets. You will find it rather in workshop and store and factory; it is no more nor less than our men. If the capital at Washington is founded on pygmy manhood, it will be blown away like thistledown before some passing wind of revolution. Russia, Turkey, Spain, will tell you that. If our men are giants, the nation will be lasting as adamant. England and Germany and America are monumental testimonies.

Now what are the qualities in our men that make the nation great?

Here a problem in analysis confronts us. Let us go about it as does the student in the laboratory. He dissects a plant or mineral to find the mysteries of its nature. We are to dissect a civilization to find the factors of its strength. One little specimen will reveal the secrets of the whole species. So one sample of civilization will show the hidden springs of all. Go with me to the public square of any modern city and there you will behold the qualities that build all civilization. From the hum and rattle and roar that rises from the sea of humanity come a thousand various voices, but all speak of one theme—industry. There in the center of the throng and press a slender monument rises, crowned perhaps with a figure of Liberty or Justice. It tells you a simple story of idealism. Yonder stands a silent, vine-clad church crowned by a mighty finger pointing heavenward, and beckoning always to the higher life. What need of going farther? Industry, Idealism, Morality—already we have found the secret of human success, the triple key to all advance, of man or group or nation. Here is Carlyle, with his gospel of labor—the labor that conquers all things; here is Ruskin, with his exalting idealism, that gives an aim and purpose to all human toil; here is the great Apostle Paul himself, who transfigures that toil and exalts that purpose with his everlasting gospel of moral sublimity. Here is our three-fold criterion, by which every nation must stand or fall. The Anglo-Saxon is what he is through unceasing industry, perpetual aspiration, and moral strength. The Central African is what he is through inbred sluggishness, total lack of purpose, and almost total absence of morality.

These are the basic elements of national greatness. But the great question still remains: How does war affect them?

Concerning the effect of war on labor, we declare unhesitatingly that the two are everlasting foes, and that whenever War lays hands on Labor's throat, it strangles her. This is part of the inevitable program of war, for note that it is on the laboring men that the dreadful claims of war must fall. Mark its course. A bugle sounds the call to arms. From workshop, mill, and factory the laborers pour forth; out go the men into a trade where plunder and robbery are a means of livelihood; when pillage and slaughter wane, indolence becomes the order of the day; commerce degenerates into blockade-running by sea and marauding by land. How tame the life of peace to this wild life of war! And all the time the love of toil is fading from men's minds; at home the factory wheels are turning more and more feebly, and when at last the sword is laid aside there is only "confusion worse confounded," for the channels of

labor are choked with men reared in habits of indolence or trained in the school of vice. Before the scar on that nation's industry can finally be healed decades and perhaps centuries of peace must pass away.

But if war is a scar on the nation's industry, it is likewise a blot on her ideals. Though this element of idealism at first seems visionary and impractical, it is one of the foundation stones of progress. The fixed gulf between what man is and what he knows he might be is the decisive factor in his advance. Ideals are the pulleys of the unseen, round which man throws his hopes and aims, by which he pulls himself across the chasm and into the larger life. To advance at all, man must have ideals—for himself, for his family, for his nation. But mark the effect of war on these ideals. In place of the ideal of peace—to serve men and uplift them, one is taught the ideal of war—to make himself the most widely feared of professional murderers. Instead of the ideal of peace—to make his family comfortable, happy, and prosperous—comes in the war ideal, by whose terms the family head deserts his own flock to kill other family heads for the eternal glory of the Stars and Stripes. As for his ideal of the nation's greatness, we have ample testimony that when bullets and cannon balls come crashing through the splendid structure of his purpose, it speedily crumbles into an ignominious desire to hide himself behind the nearest tree. No; do not say that war builds up ideals; it tears them down and tramples them in the dust; ay, more, it sets black crime itself where they should rightly stand.

But if war so dethrones a nation's ideals, what may it not do to a nation's morality? Imagine, if you can, a million men, the core of the national power, turning themselves into machines to carry out blindly the schemes of leaders who may be right or wrong; schooled in the belief that manslaughter is manliness; that the rash courage of the brute is above the moral courage of a man; forgetful of the meaning of human life; thoughtless of a thing so common as death; heedless of its eternal consequences. No wonder Channing cried so bitterly, "War is the concentration of all human crimes. Under its standard gather violence, malignity, rage, fraud, rapacity, and lust. If it only slew men, it would do little. But it turns man into a beast of prey. Here is the evil of war, that man, made to be the brother, becomes the deadly foe of his kind; that man, whose duty is to mitigate suffering, makes the infliction of suffering his study and end."

No, Mr. Roosevelt, for once, at least, you are wrong! We cannot believe that war builds up a nation. Rather will we believe those words of Herbert Spencer, more sweeping, but far more true: "Advance to the highest forms of man, and society depends on the decline of militancy and the growth of industrialism."

"But wait," you say. "All this is theory and abstraction. We want matters of fact. Your case may be true as philosophy, but you have failed to ground it in example." So it is to history that our last appeal must be made, for says Bolingbroke, "History is philosophy, teaching by example." Every decree of her stern tribunal is impartial and irrevocable. War the tonic or war the poison? She is the final judge. She will take you back, if you will, to her childhood days and point you out vast empires, owning the known world, Babylonians, Assyrians, Egyptians, Medes, and Persians,

fearful fighters all of them. But no; not quite all, either. On a sandy stretch of seashore, half hidden by the unwieldy empires around it, we see a timid, peaceful little people called the Hebrews; but they alone, from all that mighty company, have stood the "wreckful siege" of thirty centuries. Watch its sinister movement down the ages, and you will see the war cloud hover over Greece, and her republics melt to nothing in disunion and decay. It hovers over the Huns, and they suddenly sink from sight; over Islam, and its civilization crumbles faster than it grew; over Spain, and all the New World treasures cannot save her from decay. Finally, like the cloud no bigger than a hand, it rises from the island of Corsica and moves toward central Europe. All too well does Europe know its meaning. From north and south, from east and west, she pours into the field the finest armies that the Old World ever saw. Then she pauses. Europe grows tense with a nameless dread. The storm cloud blackens, hovers lower, then bursts with all its fury through the continent. For ten long years, at the command of an imperial butcher, the soil is drenched with blood; the sky grows lurid from burning Paris to burning Moscow; three million homes are draped in black. Grand, indeed, and glorious! But Europe lost more than her gorgeous standards, more than her ruined cities; she left her manhood on those fields.

We might extend the awful picture, but the story is the same dread tale of death for nations as for men. Is not this enough? Is it not clear that this traitor to labor, this despoiler of ideals, this foe to morality is not the benefactor, but the destroyer of nations? And shall we not "here highly resolve" no longer to walk in this "valley of the shadow of death," but to hasten toward the dawning of a brighter, purer day? For in spite of pessimism, in spite of scholarship, in spite of history, the day is

"Coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be, for a' that."

National Honor and Vital Interests.*

By C. Russell Weisman, of Western Reserve University.

The day for deprecating in general terms the evils of war and of extolling the glories of peace is past. Such argument is little needed. International trade requires peace. International finance dictates peace. Even armies and navies are now justified primarily as agents of peace. Yet so wantonly are these agents looting the world's treasures that they are themselves forcing their own displacement by courts of arbitration. The 250 disputes successfully arbitrated in the past century challenge with trumpet-tongued eloquence the support of all men for reason's peaceful rule. Today no discussion is needed to show that if war is to be abolished, if navies are to dwindle and armies diminish, if there is to be a federation of the world, it must come through treaties of arbitration. In this way alone lies peace; yet in this way lies the present great barrier to further progress—the conception which many nations, especially the United States, hold of "national honor and vital inter-

ests." The reservation from arbitration of so-called matters of national honor and vital interests constitutes the weak link in every existing arbitration treaty between the great powers of the world. This reservation furnishes the big-navy men all the argument they need. It destroys the binding power of the treaties by allowing either party to any dispute to refuse arbitration. It was by this reservation that the United States Senate so lately killed the British and the French treaties. And I contend here tonight that the one subject which imperatively demands discussion is national honor and vital interests; that the next important step must be the exposure of the reactionary influence of the United States in excepting these matters from arbitration.

Only fifteen months ago President Taft made his memorable declaration that this barrier ought to be removed from the pathway of peace. He proposed that the United States negotiate new treaties to abide by the adjudication of courts in every international issue which could not be settled by negotiation, whether involving honor, or territory, or money. The next morning the proposal was heralded by the press throughout the world. A few days later the halls of Parliament resounded with applause when Great Britain's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs announced that his government would welcome such a treaty with the United States. France soon followed. Then, to the surprise of all, hesitating Germany and cautious Japan showed a like willingness to enter into such agreements. Universal peace seemed all but realized.

The cause was at once borne up on a mighty wave of public opinion. The peace societies were in a frenzy of activity. Mass meetings of endorsement were held in England and America. Editorials of approval appeared in all parts of the world. The movement was now irresistible. Within eight months the British and French treaties were drafted. Three of the greatest nations of the world were at last to commit themselves unreservedly to the cause of international peace. Even disputes involving national honor should not halt the beneficent work of high courts of law and of reason. The day when the treaties were signed, August 3, 1911, was hailed as a red-letter day in the annals of the civilized world. It was proclaimed the dawn of a new and auspicious era in the affairs of men and of nations.

During all the months preceding the action of the Senate on these treaties the only statesman of any prominence to raise his voice in opposition was ex-President Theodore Roosevelt. The gist of his successive and violent attacks on the treaties is contained in this utterance, which I quote: "It would be not merely foolish, but wicked, for us as a nation to agree to arbitrate any dispute that affects our vital interests or our independence or our honor." In this spirit, to the surprise and disappointment of the whole nation, the Senate amended the treaties out of their original intent, and placed upon them limitations that defeated their purpose. By the Senate's action the United States is still committed to the pretense that there may be occasion for a just and solemn war, that vital interests and national honor may force us to fight.

What, then, are the vital interests that can be conserved only by saber and bullet? Nothing more, nothing less, according to various acknowledged authorities, than a State's independence and its territorial integrity. Did the keen mind of our former President really fore-

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